

Broken

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Summary: Hermione tumbles through her existence and lands in a place she never intends.

Broken

\*I own nothing and make no money from this. I'm dipping my toe back into writing with this short story, hope you like it!\*

"Hermione!" The hushed rushed whisper of a man about to get caught doing something he shouldn't be doing, pulled the sleeping witch from her slumber.

"Hmm?" Hermione opened one eye and pushed the curls back from her face. She was lying on her belly, nude, after spending the afternoon in the throes of passion.

"You have got to go now! It's bloody three o'clock!" Draco slapped her bare ass. He didn't strike her hard, more of a solid swat, causing her to wake fully.

"Dammit Draco!" Hermione rolled out of the large comfortable bed and began pulling her clothes on quickly. Draco was already up, wand at the ready, half dressed. With a flick of his wrist he made the bed. Hermione buttoned her pants and threw her jumper on, sans bra. She shoved the white lace and wire pain in the ass into her bag as she shoved her feet into her boots.

"Don't dammit Draco me, I didn't mean to fall asleep!" Draco made his way around the bed and wrapped his arm about her waist, pulling her into a bruising kiss. "Go on, through the floo."

"Yeah," Hermione checked to ensure she had all of her things, especially her wand. "See you later?"

"I dunno, Pansy'll have a fit if I don't spend some time with her and

the kids." Draco looked nervously from Hermione to the bedroom door and back again.

"Right." Hermione nodded, a bit annoyed as she grabbed a handful of floo powder. "I suppose I'll see you when I see you then." In a flash of green she was gone.

Hermione stepped out of the fireplace in her flat and threw her things onto the sofa before pulling her hair out of her face. Kicking her boots off as she made her way to the kitchen.

"Gods, it's too bloody quiet!" Hermione turned on the radio. She chose to live the muggle way, the only magic used in her flat was the floo and even that was for convenience. Pouring herself a glass of firewhiskey she danced for a moment before laughing to herself. She stripped her clothes off, leaving them laying on the kitchen floor. After a moment Hermione downed the last of the firewhiskey in her glass and made her way to the shower.

Stepping into the shower she allowed the hot water to wash over her. Relishing the feel Hermione smiled. Grabbing her liquid soap and bath pouf she started the task of washing the scent of Draco Malfoy from her body. She had a date after all, it wouldn't be a good idea to show up smelling of a married man. Hermione laughed at the absurdity of her life. She was washing the scent of one married man off of her so she could go meet another married man.

The water began to run lukewarm so she jumped out and wrapped a large soft towel around her body. Hermione located a clean nightie and her favorite little black dress. Making quick work of it she dressed and breaking her own rule, used magic to dry her hair and apply her makeup.

The last thing she wanted to do was to be late for her date.

"There you are!" Hermione smiled as she slid herself into the booth in the small out of the way restaurant.

"I was beginning to think you weren't going to show up." George Weasley smiled widely at his longtime friend. He slid his hand along her jaw, tilting her face upward before kissing her deeply. When he broke contact she smiled bashfully, her eyes darting around the darkened room. "You can relax, no one here knows us."

"I can't help it." Hermione replied.

"Hermione, how many men are you sleeping with?" George's brow knit together.

"I told you not to ask me that." Hermione grabbed the bottle of wine that George had waiting at their table for her arrival.

"You know I worry about you." He whispered leaning down and his lips brushing against her ear as his hand landed on her knee. His fingertips caressed her skin as he inched up her inner thigh. "I don't want to see you self-destruct."

"I'm fine." Hermione breathed heavily as she felt him brush over her panties. "Besides, it doesn't matter how many lovers I take. When I'm with you, you're the only one I have."

"Tell me at least that you've kept our deal?" George asked, pulling his hand back.

"Yes, I am not sleeping with any of your brothers." Hermione huffed and rolled her eyes. "You know, I'm not the one who is married. I can do whatever I want or whomever I want. It's none of your business. It's my business."

"I know." George conceded. He was married after all and had no right to play the game of moral superiority with his lover. "I'm gonna run to the loo right quick. What do you say we take our order to go, eat after?"

"That sounds like a fine idea." Hermione's lids were half closed in an attempt to be alluring. It worked. George kissed her again before getting up from the table. She watched him walk away before pulling her hand mirror from her bag to check her lipstick.

"My, my, how far the princess has fallen from her tower." Hermione froze, her eyes moving before her head. Slowly, she turned and met the eyes of a smirking Severus Snape. He was leaning over the side of the booth, mischief in his eyes.

"What do YOU want?" Her eyes narrowed.

"Is that any way to speak to a man who knows your dirty little secrets?" Severus rose an eyebrow.

"You don't know anything." Hermione shot daggers at him as she narrowed her eyes.

"I know that Mr. Weasley is married. I also happen to know that Draco is married as well." He spoke matter of factly as he feigned inspection of his nail beds.

"So?" She snapped back at him.

"You wound me, Granger. I know so much more than you think I do. My talents as a spy have not rusted over the years. I know of your past affairs as well. It seems as though you have been on quite the lay about in the beds of men who are not yours forâ€¦what is it now? Five years? Six years?" Severus laughed. "It seems the war has broken more than we ever could have imagined."

"I'm not broken."

"Oh, my dear, you are." Severus replied. "Tell yourself you are the same Hermione Granger you once were as these fools bed you but pledge their love to the women they made their wives."

"Why are you being such a cunt?" Hermione spat.

"Language, Granger!" Severus frowned. "You're date will be back any moment. I shall take my leave. Good evening, Hermione." She looked quickly in the direction George had walked in before looking back at him. Severus was gone, just as quickly as he had showed up. Hermione frowned.

"Are you ok?" George asked as he scooted back into his seat next to

her.

"Yes, of course." She forced a smile.

"Good, because I am quite ready to get out of here." He lifted his fingers and trailed his touch down her neck, over her collarbone until he reached her cleavage.

"Let's go now, we can order take away to the hotel room later." Hermione closed her mirror with a snap and shoved it back into her bag. The pair made their way to the hotel they normally frequented during their meetups. Whenever George's wife went out of town he owled her to meet him there or at that little restaurant. He checked them in and ushered her into the lift. As soon as the doors closed he had his hands all over her.

Barely making into their room they began undressing. Laying across the bed Hermione closed her eyes to focus on his touch. George ran his hand over her bare breast, toying with the nipple as he sucked on the tender flesh of her neck. As he pushed into her she became acutely aware of the coldness on her skin from his wedding ring. He thrust mercilessly, his fingers digging into the supple flesh of her arse.

The slapping of his skin against hers grew louder in her ears, until she felt his seed pour into her and the name of his wife spilled from his lips. George rolled off of her, breathing heavily. For the first time since she found that sex without strings was the only thing that made her forget everythingâ€¦she regretted her actions.

She hadn't just bedded married men, Snape was wrong. She had been sleeping with Draco since right after the war ended. Ron was only the once and he wasn't married at the time.

Hermione looked over at the now passed out George who was softly snoring. She had willingly given her virginity when she was seventeen. Hermione sat up on the edge of the bed as she recalled the night at Hogwarts, when she had given in to her desiresâ€¦

Grabbing her clothes from the floor she went to the bathroom to clean up. When she came out, George was still sleeping. Without saying goodbye she quietly left.

"Listen here you massive twat!" Hermione shouted as she slammed the door to Severus' potions shop. He stood, squaring his shoulders. Severus' face only had a flash of shock before settling into the hardness it was accustomed to. "How dare you judge me?"

"I was merely stating facts, no judgments." Severus replied, as if he were already bored of the conversation.

"You can think me a whore, or whatever word you choose to describe me. But how quickly you forget your eagerness to bed me when I was seventeen!" Hermione's shouting died out before she finished her sentence. "I only wanted you, just you, you hateful fucker! You could've denied me, but you didn't! You knew I was in love with you. If I am broken it was not my deeds which broke me it was yours. You broke me Severus Snape, so please forgive me for not living up to your high moral standards while I try to piece back together my shit show of a life!"

She didn't wait for his reply, she stormed out of his shop and apparated on the spot, leaving a gaping Severus staring at her apparition spot.

Hermione sat clutching a cup of Earl Grey, staring into the fire. She hadn't left her flat in days. Draco and George had both owled her and she burned the messages without reading them.

As she sat there her mind wandered back to the night that started it all, the night she had worked up the courage to approach her then Professor.

\_The wind was howling with such a force the entire castle felt as if it were being pushed toward the lake. Hermione pulled her robes tighter around her as the hall lit up with the flash of lighting. Her step quickened as the thunder shook her bones. The trek to the dungeons had felt like it had taken an eternity, her nerve failing as she pushed open the door to the Potions class. \_

\_It sat empty. The coldness from the stones reached out to her like the tentacles of death, each footstep seemed to frighten them away, if only for a moment. Making her way quickly to the head of the class she turned right and found the door shielded by the shelves of potions ingredients. The door to his private rooms. Raising her hand, she wrapped upon the wood with such force it caused her knuckles to ache. \_

"\_Granger?" Severus practically choked on her name as it left his mouth, the look of surprise splayed blatantly upon his features.  
"What on earth are you doing out of bed after curfew?"\_

"\_Please, sir, I need to speak with you." Hermione forced the air from her lungs past her voice box and into coherent words. She knew she may never have another chance to speak to him, it was now or never.\_

"\_Come in, quickly." He replied as he took a step back to allow her room to push past him. Her shoulders tensed as she heard him close the door behind her. "Well, out with it! Some of us have more important things to do than to pester others. I'm sure this is about an assignment? Merlin help me if you have questions, we'll be here all night."\_

"\_No, sir." Hermione shook her head nervously, chewing her bottom lip. Her heart was beating so fast her lungs could barely keep up with the demand. "This isâ€|personal."\_

"\_Personal? If that is the case you should be off knocking on the door of your head of house. I cannot help you Miss Granger." Severus knit his brow as he frowned at her.\_

"\_You can take house points from me if you see fit. But I came here to tell you something and I am not leaving until I have my say." Hermione squared her shoulders. If she couldn't feel brave she could fake it.\_

"\_Fine, say what you must. I will not take house points seeing on how you are in my private rooms." He spun on his heel and made his way over to a stiff looking chair. He sat, gracefully, tenting his

fingers and bringing them up to his mouth. Severus awaited her speech.\_

"\_The war will be starting soon, and I don't mean this spy stuff or secret planning, I mean the war. The war that will leave real people dead in its wake. I am well aware of your standing and mission, just as you know that I am at great risk being by Harry's side. I came down here because, I'm seventeen years old, sir. I will do my duty; I will fight. What I will not do is go into this without having at least tasted adulthood. I have no desire to play child martyr. You have said often enough at the Order meetings that you do not expect to come out of this alive so I am taking the chance now becauseâ€|well, one of us or both of us may not live to see the completion of this war." Hermione stopped to gather herself further. She could see him attempting to figure out where she was heading. "I came here in the off chance you would agree to a task. Please, do not mock or laugh at me because this is, pardon my language, but this is damn hard enough without you adding your usual Snape sarcasm to it. I'm in love with you and I want you to sleep with me." The look on his face when her reason for disturbing him came out nearly caused her to flee in embarrassment. His jaw was slack, his eyes wide. Hermione swallowed hard and continued. "You don't have to say you love me, I know you don't and I'm no fool. I'm seventeen and I am of age. I will also no doubt not return to Hogwarts so I will not be your student. Please, if you are going to say no just say no and nothing else. I will leave and never speak of this again."\_

"\_You don't know what you are asking." Severus replied, his tone low and eyes cast to the ground. He moved to the edge of his seat, elbows resting upon his knees and his shoulders hunched. \_

"\_I know exactly what I am asking of you." Hermione replied, her hands were trembling. She couldn't believe she had finally asked him.\_

"\_You would do better to climb back into your tower, find the Weasley boy or Potter and ask them." He lifted his eyes to meet hers.\_

"\_I don't want them, I want you." Hermione sighed.\_

"\_You should not love me, I am unlovable." Severus rose from his chair and stood with his hands in his pockets.\_

"\_I do love you, perhaps it is not that another cannot love you but that you cannot love yourself." Her voice had hovered above a whisper.\_

"\_Still quite the know-it-all." Severus chuckled and shook his head.\_

"\_I do not see the issue here, unless you do not find me desirable and if that's the case, it's alright." Hermione removed her robe, exposing her muggle clothing she wore beneath. \_

"\_I assure you that is far from the issue here, Hermione." He walked toward her and slowly reached out and took her hand in his. "It has been a long time, a very long time, since a witch desired me or felt anything for me much less loved me. I am honored. I wouldn't mock you for this, I know that pain. You are correct, you are of age to consent. Tell me this, would I be your first?"\_

"\_Yes." Hermione found her mouth suddenly very dry.\_

"\_I am all the more honored that you chose me for such anâ€|important task." He clasped her hand a bit tighter.\_

"\_Are you politely refusing?" Hermione lifted her face to look him square in the eye.\_

"\_No, I will happily oblige you." Severus replied before leaning down and pressing his mouth to hers.\_

\_They spent the rest of the night making love by his fire. She hadn't known it could feel so good. The touch of his hands on her body made her skin feel as if it were on fire. The sweet release he brought her made tears spring to her eyes. The look on his face and her name spilling from his lips as he reached his climax gave her such a deep sense of pleasure she knew if she were to fall in battle she would fall happily with this memory in her mind.\_

Suddenly she felt her tea, now only warm, dribble down onto her legs. She had forgotten she was holding it as she recalled the one and only night she had spent in his arms. He had allowed her to see the man behind the mask, which only made her love him more.

"Damn." Hermione mumbled as she sat her cup down upon her end table and made her way to her bedroom to change her clothes. As she changed into clean jeans her memory jumped to their interaction after the war.

"\_Severus!" Hermione called out as she rushed to his bedside. The room was empty, and he looked so frail laying against the stark white of the sheets on his bed. His throat was bandaged, a hint of red showed from beneath the many layers. "I'm so glad you're ok!"\_

"\_What do you want, Miss Granger?" Severus replied, his voice strained and raspy.\_

"\_I came to see you." She tried to reach for his hand, but he pulled it back abruptly.\_

"\_You wasted your time." His voice was dripping with disdain for her. Hurt she took a step back from his bedside.\_

"\_I thoughtâ€|I thought you would like company." Hermione was desperately trying to fight back the tears that threatened to spill from her eyes.\_

"\_You thought wrong. Leave me be." Severus snapped back. "One night does not make you my wife."\_

"\_I didn't thinkâ€|"Hermione started.\_

"\_No you didn't. You stupid girl." Severus wouldn't even look in her direction.\_

"\_Severus, pleaseâ€|" She tried once more to take his hand.\_

"\_Get out!" His eyes met hers and she could see hate there. Hermione

ran from the room, her heart in a million pieces.\_

Her loft was so empty she could hear the rush of blood from her pumping heart in her ears. She hated him, but her heart was still his.

As she slid her feet back into her boots she heard a knock on the door. Grumbling she went to answer it.

"What do YOU want?" Her eyes narrowed at the man at the door. Severus Snape stood there, dressed in muggle clothing.

"I came to speak with you." He replied, pushing his way past her and into her loft. Hermione slammed the door before turning to face him.

"You are not welcome here." She crossed her arms over her chest. "I said everything I needed to say to you."

"I wasn't afforded the same luxury." Severus snapped back at her.  
"You actually blame me for your poor choices?"

"You are a bloody fool, Severus Snape! Get out of my loft!" She pointed to the door angrily.

"I'll leave when I'm good and ready, thank you." He took two steps and grabbed her by her shoulder with one hand and extinguished her fire with his wand with his free hand. Before she could pull away from him, they disappeared with a crack.

They landed outside what appeared to be a small cabin surrounded by trees.

"I cannot believe you just did that!" Hermione screeched, falling away from him. "Where are we?"

"This is my cabin. Scream all you want but you are not leaving here until we have a proper discussion." He took her by her arm and gently, but forcefully, led her into the cabin. Using his wand he warded the door and windows. "You cannot leave until we finish this. I refuse to allow you to go on the way you are."

"As you so rightfully put it, all those years ago, I am not your wife Snape! You have no right to keep me here." Hermione pulled her wand on him, which he quickly took from her with a slight flick of his wrist. "You're angry that I am the way I am because of you!"

"You're the way you are because of yourself! You came to MY rooms and asked me to sleep with you, it was not the other way round witch, or do you forget?" His voice boomed.

"I remember everything! Do you recall how you treated me after the war? When I came to visit you?" Hermione screamed back. "All you had to do was to tell me no, treat me with a shred of dignity! You discarded me like a piece of used parchment!"

"I did what I had to, to protect you!" His statement silenced her.

"You did what you wanted to." Hermione walked to the other side of

the room, as far away from him as she could get.

"Do you think I found pleasure in seeing that pain in your eyes when I told you to leave? I found no joy in that! Did you ever once think that it wouldn't pain me to know that you were sleeping your way through the married wizards you went to school with?"

"I was trying to find what I lost!" Hermione spun around to defend herself. "I couldn't have a man who was free! I had to be with a man who couldn't be with me, I had to find that moment again. I had to; I had to numb myself by being with a man who couldn't no; who wouldn't love me. I can't be loved."

"You're a fool!" Severus spoke through clenched teeth.

"A fool who has wanted you for six bloody years!" Hermione broke, tears fell from her eyes. "I can't be loved because I can never love another in return."

"Is this what you want?" He closed the space between them and crushed her mouth with his, her body pressed tightly between the wall and him. His hands took hold of her wrists, pinning her in place.

Their hands fought one another as they ripped clothing from each other's bodies. The shredded remains of shirts landed in heaps upon the floor. Severus gripped the base of her throat as buried his face in her curls, his free hand working the buttons on her jeans. Hermione fought to kick off her boots as he pushed the heavy material down.

In one swift movement he ripped her panties from her body and lifted her up against the wall. Freeing his cock from its confines he plunged into her, his hands bracing them against the wall. Hermione cried out as she dug her nails into his shoulders.

Severus nipped at the flesh of her neck before he began raining hot kisses upon her tender flesh. He reached down and cupped her ass with one hand as he thrust into her, her head hitting off the wall with the abrupt movement.

He moved again, this time pulling her away from the wall and carrying her over to the small bed that occupied the corner of the room. Her legs wrapped around him, he tumbled them both onto the bed, never pulling out of her.

Severus pushed his hands deep into her curls on either side of her head as he kissed her with a bruising force, each time pushing himself into her. Hermione's back arched with every thrust, her breasts pushing up against his chest. Her fingers pinched and gripped every inch of his flesh she could. Her hands moved wildly over his body.

She lost herself, crying out into the still night air as she climaxed. Her walls clenched around his member and pleasure filled her. Severus followed moments later as she felt his seed fill her.

"Is that what you wanted?" Severus asked as he looked down into her eyes. His chest heaving from the exertion of their lovemaking.

"Yes." Hermione couldn't stop herself, her heart ached for him, and she cried. She watched as something snapped deep inside Severus and he rolled from her body and lay next to her, cradling her in his arms.

She awoke, alone. The sun filtered through the dirty window pane as she stumbled around in the nude to locate her wand. Mending her clothes she dressed and walked outside. She found Severus, looking out at the small lake that was behind the house. The wind was blowing his hair and unfastened shirt. Walking up behind him she cleared her throat.

"Good morning." Severus nodded.

"Yeah," Hermione laughed. "Severusâ€| I 'mâ€| confused."

"I know." He sighed.

"Why did you agree to sleep with me all those years ago?" She asked the question she had pondered over since that night.

"The look in your eyes when you spoke to me. I hadn't seen someone look at me in that way for such a long time, I needed it. No, I craved it. Hermione, I never intended to hurt you. Surely, you know that?" Severus pulled her into an embrace, her ear lying flat upon his chest. She listened to his heart beat.

"It may not have your intent, but you did." Hermione replied as she wrapped her arms about his waist.

"I couldn't make you happy. I hadn't tasted happiness in so long that it felt impossible to even attempt it. How could I make this beautiful young witch happy when I couldn't make myself happy?" He continued on with explanation. "I wanted you so badly that day you came to see me at St. Mungo's. I wanted to call after you and apologize, beg for your forgiveness. I feared it too late when Draco came to sup one night and bragged about you sharing his bed."

"I'm sorry." Hermione whispered.

"No, don't apologize. There's no need for it." Severus smoothed her hair. "I chose to provoke you that evening in the restaurant believing my cruelty would somehow help me to move past the thought of you, the memory of your body, your words of love. When you came to my shop and said that you still loved me, it pierced me."

"I do still love you that never stopped." Hermione leaned back to look at him.

"I don't know if I can make you happy." Severus knit his brow together as he looked down at her.

"All I ask is that we try." Hermione replied.

"I want nothing more than to try." He kissed her softly.

End  
file.